

## The Teeth Of Terror

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Summary: TALES FROM MI 5&1/2, the next one is in the pipeline...

### The Teeth Of Terror

the teeth of terror OR the dentures of doom OR the gnashers of not-very-nice OR the molars of mild dislike

This sketch was performed on the 10th November 1999 at Salford University. It went quite well. Some of the material presented here is from ad-libs added by the cast during rehearsal and included in the sketch. There has been talk of expanding it for an amateur radio station, as it is written in the style of a radio play. What do you think of it? (It may help if you are British to get some of the jokes, but basically it is a piss-take of James Bond) If I offend your country in this I am sorry, it is only a comedy sketch and should not be taken seriously.

Scene one: Office (MI Something) Boss behind a desk

Mont: You asked to see me sir?

Boss: Yes, something serious has come up.

Mont: Been taking the little blue pills again sir?

Boss: No, Margery will only let me have them at the weekends, anyway Tony Blair has specifically asked you to go on this mission, he feels that you are the only one he can trust with something of this importance. You're our top man.

Mont: Does he want me to baby-sit again?

Boss: No, something much more serious, someone has stolen his false teeth.

Mont: Tony Blair has false teeth!?!

Boss: You didn't think they were real did you?

Mont: Couldn't he get another pair made?

Boss: Those weren't any old false teeth, they were the mystic teeth of Popacatepetl!

Mont: I beg your pardon sir, what caterpillar?

Boss: Popacatepetl.

Mont: Pop the kettle on?

Boss: Popacatepetl!

Mont Milk two sugars? (Butler walks in)

But: (Heavy Russian accent) Your tea sir.

Mont: Blimey they're fast! Excuse me but I couldn't help noticing, slight accent. Are you Russian?

But: Niet! I am Swedish.

Boss: (They huddle) I have a memo from top brass to look out for anyone suspicious, they believe a KGB agent is in the building

But: If I see him I'll tell you. (He leaves)

Boss: Ah! Back to Mexico, where was I, oh yes. Six hundred years ago a meteorite fell from the sky onto... that mountain. It contained a set of false teeth. They seemed to have mystical powers, anyone who touched it became happy and popular. The Spanish Conquistadors brought the meteorite back to Spain with them. After that we do not know what happened to them... until seventeen years ago when Tony Blair was on holiday and found them in a car boot sale on the Costa del something-or-other. Their magical powers were soon apparent, all he had to do was smile and his popularity soared, people voted for him, women swooned, William Hague's hair fell out. But now someone has stolen the teeth.

Mont: (OTT) What kind of dastardly man could have done such an evil thing!

Boss: We think that it was the work of this man. Here's his dossier (He hands him a package from the desk.)

Mont: You may already have one ten thousand pounds in the reader's digest prize draw?

Boss: Oh sorry! Wrong one, here.

Mont: Mien Klein gruna cactus! That's the code-name for the best German agent this side of Birmingham!

Boss: With the Teeth in German hands who knows what could happen!

Mont: Could be worse, It could have been the Americans.

Boss: They wouldn't need them, American politician's natural teeth seem to have the same effect anyway. But this is serious! We simply cannot afford another catastrophe, not after that fiasco when an someone put LSD into the coffee.

Mont: Look, I've apologised for that, anyway Mrs. Thatcher mostly recovered, apart from the hair. But how do you know it was Mein Kleine grun cactus? Might it not have been that devious French agent 'Le Plume de ma taunt'?

Boss: No she's still in France.

Mont: How about the Spanish?

Boss: No, he was in Bulgaria at the time, making a cheep porn movie.

Mont: Oh, how about the Swedish agent?

Boss: He was in Bulgaria with the Spanish agent.

Mont: Right, well how about all the Russian agents?

Boss: Yes (looks for a piece of paper) He's...

Mont: He, singular? Slight grammatical error, don't you mean they?

Boss: No, the Russians can only afford one agent.

Mont: Well where is he?

Boss: He is currently in southern America, making his way to Mexico.

(Voices come from off stage as characters on stage look around) voice Over: Meanwhile in America.

Russian's Voice: (OFF STAGE) Could you direct me to the train station?

another Voice: (OFF STAGE) Say, yall's not from arounds here are ya? I, like just love yall's accent! It's just so good! Like, I've never met a Canadian before!

Boss: What the...

voice Over: Meanwhile back in England.

Mont: Shut up!

voice Over: No, it's my play.

Mont: No, sod off.

voice Over: (Hurt) Fuck you! (Gunshot then silence) Aaagh, you shot me!

Boss: Hey, you shot the narrator,

voice Over: You bastard!

Boss: You must find the Teeth and bring them back. To help you on this mission we have enlisted the help of Miss Kickside.

(Kickside enters)

Kick: (Glum) Hello.

Mont: (Drools over Kickside) Hellooo...

Kick: Hmf.

Mont: What's wrong?

Kick: I'm the stereotypical sidekick female and I'm sick of it.

Boss: You're the best in your field!

Kick: Then how come I always end up twisting my ankle and have to wait around for some big idiot like him (Points at Montgomery) to rescue me?

Mont: ...Oh god...

Kick: So why do I have to wear this shammy leather catsuit? It's uncomfortable at the best of times, but in Mexico in the heat? You've got to be joking!

Boss: It's so that you can slip around silently without being seen....

Mont: Oh, god...

Kick: Bollocks! I'm wearing this because of the overactive libidos of the testosterone-controlled men who watch this type of movie.

Mont: (points at audience) Do they look testosterone-pumped to you?

Kick: Well you have a point.... And what about when it's that time of the month? It takes two ruddy hours to take this thing off, and it's skin-tight.

Boss: I don't see what that has to do with it.

Mont: Oh I do...

Kick: (To Boss) You're a man - you wouldn't.

Boss: We believe that they have been taken to Mexico, to that mountain, Popocatepetl....

Kick: So how am I supposed to get up a mountain in six inch high stilettos? I wish Emma Peel had never started all this.

Boss: (Louder voice, as if to say shut up and listen) I have a plane ticket for you both. When you get there look up this address: '14,

Horse Street'. There you will receive a complete makeover and a new identity. But watch out for the Mexican Secret Police.

Mont: I didn't know the Mexicans had secret police.

Boss: Of course not, they're secret! Good luck.

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Scene 2 Mexico

Mont: Hello! Hello! Is this 14 Horse Street?

(Man walks in behind him)

Man: Who wants to know?

Mont: Montgomery Blunthorpe, MSc, BSc, OBE, TWAT.

Man: Ah, you're British agent. No, that's the Swedish Secret Base. You want next door. (He leaves)

Mont: O.K. (He goes to knock on the next door but it opens and a man comes out and coshes him on the head, the lights dim then brighten.)

Man: (Now has a Swedish accent) Ah-ha! I have tricked you! We are now inside the mountain Popocatepetl. Tell me where the Teeth are or else!

Mont: You can kick me, punch me, torture me, chop off bits of my body with a blunt spoon, I will never give in!

Man: I have something here which might change your mind. (he holds out a CD)

Mont: (Reading) The complete Swedish Eurovision song contest entries. NO! You're a madman! Have you no mercy!

Man: Yes! I mean no! I mean... Oh, who cares what I mean. If you do not tell me where the teeth are I shall plunge you into that pit of molten lava (he points at the bare ground).

Mont: What lava?

Man: THAT.... oh. (To off) Hey where's my lava?

Off: Oh sorry (throws on cardboard lava pool)

Man: That pit of molten lava!

Mont: (weekly) Oh, that one.

(Kickside runs in, slips on her heels and abruptly sits down)

Kick: Ha! .... Damm. If it weren't for you chauvinists I could be wearing flats. (she gets up) But no! I have to go around dressed as if my bra size is bigger than my IQ.

Man: You've stepped on my lava.

Kick: Oh sorry.

Man: Who is this woman?

Kick: See! See! We both have our PhD. in spying but you're the great British spy, Montgomery Blunthorpe, whereas I am 'this woman' is that fair? I ask you is that fair?

Man: Be silent. I cannot trust any information I receive from you as you are an emotional woman (smugly)

Kick: That's rich coming from a living example of the male menopause

Man: Where are the teeth

Kick: Didn't he tell you? We are as much in the dark as you are. Who knows where the teeth are.

(Russian jumps on)

Russ: Someone had better know. I don't like coming to Mexico, you just can't get the vodka.

Kick: (to herself) Another stereotype.

Man: I don't know what you're worried about, at least you've got depth to your character, not like me. Sometimes I just feel like a plot device.

Kick: That's exactly what you are. A plot device. And I'm a Bond Girl lookalike. Well I won't stand for it. I'm going on strike for a better character.

Man: Me too!

(They go to the side of the stage, get protest signs and sit in the corner)

Mont: (bemused) O.K.

Russ: So who does have the Teeth?

(Boss walks on)

Boss: I do!

(stunned silence)

Mont: But...But....

Boss: It was all part of my dastardly plot to gather all the top spies in the world together and kill them, you see I am Mein Kleine Grune Cactus! The German superspy! And I had the Teeth all along Ahh-ha-ha-ha!!

(flying saucer floats on, via an obvious fishing rod)

Kick: Now that's really a paper thin character!

(off) Alien: Who stole my Teeth!

Mont: My god it's hideous... it's not human. (pointing off to Alien)

(Alien walks on, it is an old woman in a tweed jacket)

Alien: (hits him with handbag) Do you mind. I may be an Alien but I do have feelings. (She goes to Boss, snatches the teeth away and puts them in.) There that's better. Now if I could only find my glasses. (She bumbles off) (The end)

End  
file.